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BOOK & JOB PRINTERS.

Executed with neatness and despatch.

POSTMAN.

From the New Era.

SONG.

RICHARD M. JOHNSON.

AH—“The Star Spangled Banner.”

Oh, say, who is he, through the forest so dark,
With his warrior legions advancing to battle?
Where the yell of the savage re-echoes—hark!
Where the death-dealing strokes of their rifle balls

float;—
What is it they fear?—tis his name that they hear,
With the cry of revenge for the blood of the dear;
Tis the name of our JOHNSON—oh, long will it

float;—
In letters of light, on the banner of fame!

How piercing the shriek, uttered thrillingly wild,
From the heart of the mother, in agony swelling,
As she mourns the sad fate of her innocent child.

Torn from her, while blazes her desolate dwelling!—
Who soothes her alarms, and her wretchedness dwells,
And restores, gaily smiling, her babe to her arms?—
It is our brave JOHNSON—oh, long will his name

float in letters of light on the banner of fame!

Rous! rous! to the battle! remember your sires;
Their fame is immortal—and how have they gained
it?

They fought for their rights, and their own household
fire;

And the blood of a fallen foe never has stained it.
Let our enemies feel, at our charge as they reel,
That the vanquished are safe from American steel!

Who speaks that? Our JOHNSON—oh, long may
his name

float in letters of light on the banner of fame!

command of the whole correspondence of the British Navy! I then sent the gig for the captain, requested him to come on board, and bring any despatches he might have in charge.

“On reaching our deck he seemed surprised at the size of our vessel, praised her cleanliness and in order in which ever thing appeared; admired the new red coats of the marines, and being invited into the cabin, handed me a bundle of despatches for Admiral Warren, who, he observed, must be within forty miles to leeward, I ordered refreshments, and, in company with several of my officers, we entered into general conversation.

“I asked him what object Admiral Warren had in cruising in that neighborhood. He said, to intercept the American privateers and merchantmen, but particularly to catch Commodore Rogers, who, he understood, had command of one of the largest and fastest sailing frigates in the American navy. I enquired of him what sort of a man this Rogers was, and if he had ever seen him? He said no—but he had understood he was an odd character, and devilish shy. After conversing on several other subjects, I abruptly

put this question to him: “Sir, do you know what vessel you are on board of?”

“Why yes, Sir,” he replied “on board His Majesty’s ship Sea Horse.”

“Then, sir, you labor under a great mistake. You are on board the United States frigate President, and I am Commodore Rogers, at your service.”

“The dying Dolphin never assumed a greater variety of colours than did this poor fellow’s face, “Sir,” said he, “you are disposed to be humorous, and must be joking!” I assured him that it was no joke; and to satisfy him on that head, handed him my commission. At the same moment the band on our quarter deck, struck up Yankee Doodle; and on reaching the deck, he saw the American ensign flying, the red coats of the marines turned blue and the crown-and-anchor buttons metamorphosed into the eagle.

“This affair,” observed the commodore, “was of immense importance to our country. We obtained in full the British signals; the operations of Admiral Warren, by the non receipt of his despatches, were destroyed for the season, and it is probable saved the frigate; for the course I was running at the time of my falling in with the Highflyer, would have brought me into the midst of his fleet during the night.”

From the Baltimore Clipper.

The Schoolmaster Abroad.

A board of “School Commissioners,” who encumbered a consequential little village in Maryland, being in want of a teacher, advertised in the newspaper for “a well-disposed, moral man, who could teach the dead languages, and did not drink whiskey or chew tobacco.” After a fortnight of this advertising had elaborated, a raw-bone Yankee made his appearance, with a knife and a pine stick in one hand, and a *Cape Cod* protection, alias cake of gingerbread, in the other, and held the following dialogue with the committee aforesaid:

“Well, sir,” said the chairman, eyeing the candidate from head to foot, “do you possess the necessary requisites for a public school teacher?”

“I guess I do,” said Slick, whittling his stick.

“Do you understand Latin?” asked one of the committee men, a Dutch farmer.

“I guess I do,” replied Slick, again rounding the end of the stick with the knife.

“Well, let’s hear some of your Latin,” said the chairman.

“Guambo hic squashum et punkinum lignum,” said Slick, drawing his coat sleeve slowly over his nose.

“Humph!” exclaimed the Dutchman, “is pat Latin? Who’s the author?”

“Josephus,” replied Slick; “he says in his life of Governor Hancock, Sic transit gloria Monday morning—Hancockibus quad crat demonstrandum.”

“Dat’s goot,” exclaimed the Dutchman, rubbing his hands, “terre never was better Latin!”

“Now, sir,” said the chairman, “I suppose you understand Geography?”

“I guess I do,” said Slick, sharpening the end of his stick.

“How far have you been?”

“As far as the District of Columby.”

“What State is it in?”

“A state of desperation.”

“What latitude are we in?”

“According to the thermometer we’re ten degrees below zero.”

“Which is the most western part of North America?”

“Cape Cod.”

“Good. Now, sir, let us see how far you have studied mathematics. What’s the area of a square acre of land?”

“That depends upon the quality,” replied Slick snapping the blade of his knife.

“Well, suppose it be good corn land?”

“Why, then, it depends upon the number of hills?”

“Say—five hundred.”

“Guess you might as well tell a feller how many grains you plant to the hill?”

“Five.”

“Then, according to Euclid, it would be seven hundred and forty-two feet horizontally perpendicular.”

“Excellent. Pray, sir, where are you from?”

“Staunton, down in the Bay State—and I can do most anything.”

“No doubt; but there is one thing which you cannot do—you cannot humbug us; you may

not return with the book, which placed me in

One way to get a Wife.

The very bad do not like to enter a clergyman’s family. Indeed, my female servants have had so good a name for all proprietors, that this circumstance alone led to the very comfortable settlement of one of them, and I think that event has been a recommendation to the house ever since. One evening, as tea was brought in, I heard a half suppressed laugh in the passage, and observed a simpering, strange look, in the servant’s face, as the urn was put on the table. The cause was soon made known: it was a courtship, and a strange one. A very decent looking, respectable man, about thirty-five years of age, who carried on a small business in a neighboring town, a widower and a Wesleyan, knocked at the door. He was then a perfect stranger. The servant opened it.

“I want,” said the stranger, “to speak with one of Mr. —’s female servants.”

“Which?”

“Oh, it doesn’t signify much.”

The announcement was made in the kitchen.

“I’m sure I won’t go,” said one.

“Nor I,” said another.

“Then I will,” said the nurse—and straightway she went to the door. “Do you wish to speak with me, sir?”

“Yes, I do,” said the stranger; “I am a widower, and I hear very good character of Mr. —’s servants. I want a wife, and you will do well.”

“Please walk in, sir,” said the nurse.

In he walked, and it was the odd circumstance that caused the general titter. But the maid was really in earnest. In due time he married the woman; and I often saw them very comfortable and happy, in the town of —, and I verily believe that neither of them had any reason to repent the choice thus singularly made.

She fell into his ways—had a good voice, and joined him in many a hymn—thus manifesting their happiness and their thanks.

CHANGES.

From the Washington Globe.

The opposition, from Mr. Webster down, ring the changes upon the word *change*. They give us the word, we give them the sense of it.

We ask the public to weigh deliberately the reasons given in the three following letters from very able and leading men for their abandonment of the federal party. They will there see the impressions which late events have stamped upon the most powerful intellects, and which cannot fail to be communicated to every honest and disinterested mind in the ranks of the opposition. As yet, the federal party have not been able to boast of a single convert, to their cause, who has not turned out to be a dismissed defaulter, a disappointed office-seeker, or some hapless wight, forced to succumb to the power of the banks over his person or property.

The Louisville Advertiser has a very pregnant article, referring to the revolution of sentiment going on at this time in Kentucky. It is rapidly thinning the ranks of the opposition, of the most powerful men in the State. It portends, we fondly hope, the early restoration of that patriotic and influential Commonwealth, and which cannot fail to be communicated to every honest and disinterested mind in the ranks of the opposition.

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not return with the book, which placed me in

but to revile those who turn a deaf ear to hurrahs for hard cider, and view with contempt, log cabin pageants.”

APRIL 4, 1840.

GENTLEMEN.—The writer of this letter, thus publicly addressed to you, has seen, with regret and mortification, in a letter subscribed by yourselves, under date of the twenty-ninth day of February last, at Cincinnati, in reply to a letter of inquiry, from the Oswego Union Association, directed and delivered to William Henry Harrison, of North Bend,—that you had been entranced with the letter, and so far as I can learn, had been engrossed, nor any one who duly regards his own honor, can support for public elevation, one who thus denounces to his countrymen one of the inalienable rights of freemen.

I ask of you, gentlemen, to retract your steps, to disband your “confidential committee,” and permit the General’s thoughts and actions to be as free as the air he breathes. Let the old soldier return to his native land, and his frank and generous heart will disdain to make any enemies, and put all species of indirection.

Before me, gentlemen, are the histories prepared by the Oswego Union Association, and the much which concerns the interest of the people of this Republic, and the honor and interest of General Harrison and that of his supporters are as intimately connected therewith. You may possibly satisfy your friends that no actual force has been perpetrated to obtain your control, but the moral condition of him whom you make your prisoner, will not be in the least elevated in the estimation of the people.

In conclusions, whether you follow the advice here suggested or not, I trust that there are yet enough of the General’s friends, who will see the absolute necessity of dislodging you from your position, and restoring him to the free and uncontrolled exercise of his own will.

I am, gentlemen, most respectfully, personally, and politically, your friend and obedient servant,

JAMES HENDERSON.
To JOHN C. WRIGHT, DAVID GWYNNE, and O. M. SPENCER, Esquires.

ENGLISH PRAISE.

Steuben, County, Ia., May 18, 1840.

In regard to political matters, I have to inform you that “a change has come o’er the spirit of my dream.” It is not the work of a moment, nor a day—nor the sudden impulse of passion—but the result of cool deliberation, and calm inquiry into the principles of the two parties into which our people are divided. As you well know, I have ever been warmly opposed to the present and preceding Administrations of the General Government, and have done all in an honorable way, to effect a change. In the furtherance of this object, I attended the great convention at Indianapolis, in winter, to nominate a candidate for Governor of this State, and to respond to the doings of the Harrisburg Convention. It was while here that my political faith was first shaken.

should be a total and unqualified divorce of the Government from all the States of the Union. The election of 1832, in 1833, left the President in a quondam majority, upon the subject of the currency. Yet, strange to say, he is now in danger of his election, and the result of the Harrisburg Convention, and the combination of alarming elements by which Gen. Harrison was put in nomination. There is something in this, past my philosophy.

I have thought well of Gen. Harrison. I gave him an ardent and animated support in 1836. I am not now unfriendly to him;—yet, I confess that I felt a deep degree of humiliation, when it appeared that he had suffered three men in Cincinnati, to put forth that most diabolical of the Oregon Association. The result of the Harrison Convention is published. The world the principles by which the whigs are known are characterized, as a party; deeply impaired my faith in their political integrity. The assumption of control over Gen. Harrison, by an arrogant committee, and his acquiescence therein, sadly admonish us that he is unfit to be the depository of this high trust. This, however, is merely personal, and goes to the personal qualifications of Gen. Harrison for the Presidency.

No man should be placed in the Presidency, save it be as the representative of some principles. To bestow the office as the reward of either civil or military service, without regard to the political principles maintained by the candidate, is at war with the genius of the Government.

Now, sir, I am wholly unable to satisfy myself with Gen. Harrison's views, touching all the great questions now at issue before the American people. Mr. Rives, in his late letter to the people of Virginia, took the ground, and reasoned with considerable plausibility, that Gen. Harrison is opposed to a National Bank. Such, surely, is not his political attitude before the people of Kentucky. Upon a question of such vital interest—the question of the currency—that has so deeply agitated this nation, it is lamentable to think that a candidate for the Presidency, should keep his opinions so shrouded in mystery, that in one section of the Union, he may be quoted on one side, and the reverse in another. Yet candor compels the admission, that he is not on this, but upon nearly every subject that enters into the contest, is there a like degree of reserve.

I will not charge Gen. Harrison with being tinctured with that political malady, which, if it ever takes firm hold upon our system, dissolves this Union as surely as there now exists a slave population. I will not impute to him this monstrous sin, for which, if he be guilty, no atonement can be had in the splendor of his military deeds, or in the purity of his past life. But if his friends, with his consent, deem it right to "make no further declaration of principles for the public eye," then he has done a service to his country.

His conduct is most painful contrast with the magnanimous position of his opponent, the President of the United States—who has alienated many of his Northern friends, by his stern fidelity to the South and West, upon this momentous question. I am sure, which the country knows.

Party feeling and inexcusable ignorance may deny to him this honorable record, which he must have in his favor. I can see no triumph to be achieved by the election of Gen. Harrison, but the simple substitution of one set of officers for another. This might be desirable, did it involve nothing more. But the country ought not to be invoked to do so. If, however, the account is balanced, we shall part in peace.

R. N. WICKLIFFE.

From the Bangor Democrat.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

We have no idea of being deceived or of deceiving others upon the question of the Presidential election. We believe that the election of General Harrison is one of the last things to happen in the whole range of human probabilities, if it is not to be classed among moral impossibilities. Thus believing, it is proper that some reasons should be assigned for our belief, which, at this time, must be few and general, as to give them all in detail would extend this article beyond all reasonable limits.

At every Presidential election which has been held in this country for forty years, a majority of all the electors have voted in favor of democratic principles. This is authentic history. John Q. Adams, the only federal President during this whole period of time, did not receive a majority of the popular votes; he was chosen by a coalition formed in Congress, and not by the people, and was a minority President. For forty years, then, the Democratic party have been the majority party of the country, and sustained the same principles which characterize the present Administration.

During all this time arguments, eloquence, sophistries, reproaches, solemn appeals, calculations, predictions, money, deceptions, terrors, flatteries, bribes, cheateries, humbugs, new names, and other means, appliances and engines, have been resorted to by the federal minority to change the numerical strength of parties, and to give Federalism the ascendancy. These means have not been effectual heretofore,—the same and similar means will be powerless hereafter. The engines of the federal party have been brought to bear in full force upon the Democracy, but without success. Democratic principles have stood and flourished, and become more firmly rooted for being assailed by the storm of federalism. They have always been progressive, always been winning new friends, and making permanent inroads upon Federalism. The measures of the present Administration and the distinguished individual at its head are identified with those principles, which we believe will be sustained by a majority of the American people, as much as we believe in our own existence; and we are not, therefore, permitted to doubt the re-election of Martin Van Buren.

The secret of the success of the one party, and the want of success of the other lies in the principle at the bottom of the party name, which has no other effect upon the minds of men than it indicates a principle. Principles give rise to names, and not names to principles. If there were any charm or magic in a name, surely the federalists would have received the benefits of it, for as often as every Presidential election, they have changed their party appellation, and bestowed on Democrats a name of reproach. This had no effect in all former times—it will have no effect now or hereafter.

The Democracy have always rested their hopes

of success upon their principles, upon the intelligent minds, free choice and incorruptibility of the people, and they have never been disappointed. They do the same now, and confidently expect the same results. While the federalists have always underrated and doubted the intelligence and integrity of the people, and based their hopes upon the Money Power, upon stratagems and various systems to impose upon men's reason, and to control their free agency, and they have always been disappointed. They do the same now, and will again be disappointed. They change their name and their policy frequently, but never their principles, which have been the same from the time of Adams and Hamilton to the time of the nomination of Harrison and Tyler.

We have before said that federal principles have been on the wane forty years; in these days they are so odious and unpopular, that the party which still cherishes them, when Harrison was nominated resolved to conceal them altogether.

It does not appear by that Convention, and they did not attempt to make it appear, that one old principle had been abandoned, or one new one embraced. On the contrary it does distinctly appear that the federal party still adhere to the principles of that party forty years ago, as they nominated a Presidential candidate identified with the federal party at that time. And this identification is rendered still more perfect by the circumstance, that when interrogatories were propounded by the admirers of Harrison to ascertain his sentiments, the too inquisitive inquiries were referred by his "confidential committee," the keepers of his conscience, and the regulators of his conduct to his past history and old opinions.

And what says the history of the past? It says that General Harrison was the friend of the Alien and Sedition acts, and the standing army of John Adams. Living witnesses remember to have seen him with "a black cockade in his hat." Mr. Mills, an old acquaintance of Harrison, testified to this fact at a recent public meeting in Jefferson county, Indiana, of which he was one of the Vice Presidents. John Randolph, too, accused Harrison to his face on the floor of Congress of being an old fashioned federalist and of supporting the Administration of the elder Adams, and Gen. Harrison did not deny the truth of the charge. Is not the identification entire and complete? And is it to be supposed that the people after having disapproved and voted against such principles for forty years will now sustain them by electing Harrison who is completely identified with them? It is the next thing to a moral impossibility as we remarked in the outset.

At every Presidential election for forty years, although they have not changed their principles, the federalists have adopted a new system of measures to elect a federal President. Their last and weakest and most absurd system is to have no principles for the public eye, but to ritually denounce the men, the measures, and the principles of the Administration and hurrah for "change for the sake of a change"—to swing hard cider and to sing songs—to parade the streets with flags and devices—roll wooden balls—haul long cabins about the country—hold bacchanalian revels and send forth inebriate shoutings—to wear the skins of wild beasts—to eat and drink and shout in large log cabins, and lug baby log cabins about in their arms. It seems impossible that men should do such things, but it is even so, incredible as it may appear, and affords conclusive proof that Federalism is on its last legs.

At the two National Federal Conventions it was resolved in solemn assembly, in effect, that the self-styled Whigs have no principles, and that the above and others not enumerated were suitable argument to be addressed to the understandings of the American people to produce a conviction on the public mind that Martin Van Buren ought not to be re-elected and that Gen. Harrison should be elected President. This is really too much for belief, but the fact stands out in bold relief and is undeniable. The Harrison men clamor for a change, assume that the measures of the Administration are fundamentally wrong, oppose every thing, denounce every thing—but they propose no measures of their own, no specific reforms and have no principles, or do not dare to proclaim them. Is this worthy of men enjoying the blessings of liberty? Is it worthy of citizens of this republic? Is it worthy of a great party? It rather resembles the sniffling of a child because its food is not good enough and a sullen refusal to tell what would suit it.

If the two federal conventions were not the greatest farces ever known in this country, they were of a conspiratorial character and as reprehensible as the Hartford Convention. The analogy is striking. The apologists of the Hartford Convention have always claimed for its members and their abettors good motives and good objects and their ground of defence is that no overt acts were committed, that no treason was hatched—that the Convention did not commit itself. All this is said of the Harrisburg and Baltimore conventions, but the former arrayed itself against the measures of government and the latter did nothing but in hostility to the measures of the Administration. The Harrisburg and Baltimore conventions made no declaration of principles, but their object was to thwart the measures and overturn the Administration of the government—the secret object of both is matter of inference.

We perceive nothing in the State elections which have occurred since the last Presidential election which shows forth a charge at the approaching trial. The State elections show that the people are still as deeply attached as ever to those great truths and principles set for in the Declaration of Independence, which a majority of the people have always upheld—they show no change in the numerical strength of parties and no disposition on the part of the people to forsake that cause which has triumphed at every Presidential election for forty years. There is nothing in the signs of the time more than ordinarily discouraging. The Banks, the Money Power and Federalism under many disguises are in the field against the democracy, but the enemy is not better armed, not better united and not better led than in other times when the people achieved the most signal victories.

[From the Saco (Me.) Democrat.]

Conversation between two Whigs.

A. Well, friend, how are our prospects? Are they as propitious as you said they were just after the Baltimore Convention?

B. I am afraid not. We have made an error of policy as we always do when we attempt to carry things by storm—we begin to early, and are apt to lose our heat before the day of election.

A. So I believe, and am always advising our folks to lay low or work secretly until just before the election, say a week before, and then get up steam, brag and bluster, sound the alarm, muster our forces, report changes, and rush right up to the work, and carry the day by acclamation.

B. That's the way we ought to do, 'tis true, but our leaders are like what Talleyrand said of the Bourbons, "they never forget any thing, and they never learn anything." The fault is with them, they don't understand the people.

A. True again; and that is the trouble with our party. We crack up our great men, as we call them, so high, that we really make them, as we believe that it is an act of consideration for them to descend and take people by the hand. Made to believe themselves so much greater and better than the rest of their kind, they treat those under them as inferior beings, and talk to them as though they were destitute of common sense or reason.

B. So I fear, and I am afraid this flummery about hard cider and log cabins, will, in the end, injure the cause. It is already disgusting sensible men in our own ranks, and will be used against us yet most effectively, but we must get astride some such hobby, and trust to chance to make it successful. What else can we do? We dare not divulge our principles, for we know, if we do, our game is up. The people have so often and so decidedly reprobated them, it would ensure defeat to avert them.

A. Why not talk about the extravagant expenditures of the administration?

B. What, and have the votes of our own party paraded before the people, in favor of them all? No, no, that cock won't fight. It would be worse than hard cider.

A. This failing us, why not set up a clamor about the corruptions of the administration?

B. Our folks tried that game last year in Congress, got up a Committee of investigation, put Wiss and Frank Smith upon it, and predicted the most astounding results. Well, they went at it, poked their noses into every thing, rummaged old letters and papers, had the testimony of ex-officials kicked out of office for robbery and dishonesty, had free access to every department of the Government, spent \$3000 of the money of the people, and what was the result? It was no go—all talk and no cider.

A. Then why not denounce the Sub-Treasury? B. Why, a goodly number of our folks are in favor of it. They say its effects will be to check imports and help American manufactures.

A. It will keep a great proportion of our species at home to sustain a healthy currency—keep down Government expenditures—and as to its being so very odious, why, its just the system we adopted in town affairs, simply raising money for specific objects and applying it.

A. But don't you think we could have made something of it if it had been passed before the first of the session? Couldn't we have attributed all our difficulties to it and thereby manufactured available political capital?

B. Yes, which like our available candidate of the Presidency might have helped us up but not out of our trouble. The business of the country is reviving—"tis no use to deny it. This done, the Sub-Treasury bill passed, panic over, the currency sound, good crops and a plentiful harvest for "change for the sake of a change"—to swing hard cider and to sing songs—to parade the streets with flags and devices—roll wooden balls—haul long cabins about the country—hold bacchanalian revels and send forth inebriate shoutings—to wear the skins of wild beasts—to eat and drink and shout in large log cabins, and lug baby log cabins about in their arms. It seems impossible that men should do such things, but it is even so, incredible as it may appear, and affords conclusive proof that Federalism is on its last legs.

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A. Pray tell me what is that?

B. Why, we are used to it!

A. So we are. Good bye.

[Exeunt.]

This is a most singular Presidential campaign. We take our principles and go forth to engage with our opponents and what do we encounter? Principles, measures and arguments? Not so, hard cider, log cabins, and gingerbread—winds, shadows and dust. Him of the ruse countenance and the light of chivalry, could not have summed up in a few hackneyed words—"log cabin, and hard cider," closing with the burden of the anthem, "hurrah! for Tippicanoe!"

This is the whole of the weighty argument they use, this comprises all their reason for their opposition against the present Administration; and truly this, unmeaning, fulsome and ridiculous, is equally rapid, and no more so, than are all the charges they can bring against the Government, or all they might be enabled to say in favor of their party from now till dooms-day.

Therefore this continued and monotonous song, as they have obtained it from those who pitch the tune and have perfected themselves therein, is quite convenient and quite sufficient for their purpose, and now and then, in *bas relief*, or dumb show, the emblem of a Log Cabin and Cider Barrel hauled about the streets is to accomplish the election of Harrison for President.

However preposterous or ridiculous this course may seem to every person of two-thirds common sense, for the purpose of convincing the people—the "common people," and leading them by such powerful arguments to espouse their cause, yet this boyish, Jim Crow mode of procedure has absolutely done much good—it has disgusted many of their own followers and essentially weakened the cause of Democracy.

If we had studied sometime to ascertain a course, though we should never have once thought of, or even dreamt of this, to recommend them to follow, or to thoroughly disgrace themselves in the eyes of the people, and render odiously unpopular, we could not have hit upon one better fitted to the object; but the worst of it is, they are, pernicious as they be, becoming sensible of its gross inconsistency and unpopularity, and growing sick of the foolish farce; and the Log Cabin and Hard Cider processions are fast falling into disrepute and disuse. We have understood that the leaders and wire-pullers of the British Whig party at Concord have issued orders to the towns in the State not to bring up their Log Cabins and squirrels nests to the Convention to be held on to-morrow in that town.

To be considered knavish and destitute of principle—what an object of ambition. Plunderers and brutes—how degrading—how infamous. And this in nineteenth century, in this age of civilization, in this country where the whole people are educated and moral. Still most astonishing—the leading no principle men, the knaves and plunderers, attempt to reduce the whole population to their level. To elect Harrison they strike at the root of principle, of morality, of law of civilization itself.—*Bangor Democrat.*

We understand the one that was being built for the purpose in this town has been discontinued. Thus goes their folly and thus goes their cause—it is all of a piece, and falls like the tower of Babel, to the ground.

[From the American Citizen.]

POLITICAL PARTIES.

The people of this country are, and ever have been, since the days of the Revolution, divided into two great political parties. I shall say nothing of the subs, for I regard them of no consequence; but I shall include them all under the head of Jeffersonian Democrats and Hamiltonian Federalists. In the days of the Revolution, when the people of this country were struggling for, and pouring out their very life-blood in the cause of liberty, there existed party among them, who were not only disposed to "stand back," but actually threw every obstacle in their way, and did every thing in their power to give the enemy the advantage; and who were they? They were the Hamiltonian-Federal-British party, alias, Tories. But failing in their efforts to foil the Democrats and give the British victory of the colonies, they came forward at the formation of the Constitution, through their representative, Hamilton, and made an effort to engrave into that instrument their sentiments and notions of government; and I ask again, what were they? Every one, acquainted with the history of that period, can answer that question. I will only say that they contended for a *President and Senate for life*, and the like. Who believes that this party is now extinct, or that the same blood has not been "creeping through scoundrels" ever since the "days that tried men's souls"? I believe, for one, that the same anti-American feeling, the same opposition to the very form and constitution of our government, now exists in the hearts of a party in this country, and that they now and ever will oppose the pure principles of Democracy. This party was known, in "Revolutionary times," as the Federal party, but it has passed through various names since. It requires but a moderate share of penetration to detect this party. They always rise when the country sinks, and sink when the country rises. They are never satisfied with anything, let it be ever so good, which emanates from the action of the Democratic party. All is irregularity, chaos and confusion, except it be the work of their hands. They are constantly arrayed in opposition to every thing which is equal in its bearing upon the people. Something exclusive suits them best: hence we always find them contending for some exclusive privilege—some sort of monopoly. They contend for a high tariff, in order to build up a host of aristocratic establishments in this country—for banks for works of "internal improvement," both State and National, in fine, they contend for all sorts of monopolies and exclusive privileges; and worse than all that, they take sides against their country in the hour of peril. This is the old *Federal party*, the present *soi-disant Whig party*, or the "ring-streaked-and-spckled" party, of the present.

"We have already given the names of several prominent individuals who have been leading federal politicians in that State, and have now come out for Van Buren; and we are enabled this morning to add to the number. The Baltimore Republican, on the authority of the Kentucky Yeoman, announces that James D. Hardin, an influential whig, and John Rowan, formerly a U. S. Senator, have expressed a determination to support Mr. Van Buren. The Republican says:

"From the very first moment after the nomination of Harrison, we felt confident that ere many months had passed, there would commence revolution in the minds of the honest and intelligent of the Whig party, and that in every portion of the country we would find men—high minded men—one after another coming out from the ranks of an opposition, with the great mass of the members of which they could have no community of sentiment.

"We have not been disappointed in our anticipations; nor are we surprised, when day after day we are called upon to record such accessions as Colquitt, Black, Cooper, Seaborn, Jones, Wickliffe, Tillotson, and numerous others of former high political influence in the opposition party. We have now to add to these, the names of Jas. D. Hardin, Esq., and Hon. Henry Daniels, and Rowan, of Kentucky, and Lamar, of Georgia. The first, we are told by the Yeoman, is a gentleman of decidedly influential standing in Anderson county,—man of fine talents, and who promises to give the cause of his change whenever called upon, either in public or private."

The Hartford Times mentions, also, that Mr. Tolford, a talented and influential citizen of Lexington, and a nephew of Henry Clay, declares his intention to advocate Mr. Van Buren's reelection.

A few more changes like these to which we have alluded, and Federalism in Kentucky will be very nearly overthrown!

[From the Eastern Argus.]

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ANOTHER FOOLISH LIE.

Week before last we gave an account of a story which is going the rounds of the British Whig papers, called the "Orphan Wood Chopper." We have recently read another story of Gen. Harrison's great liberality, wherein the General redeemed a farm of one of his soldiers and gave it to him. The old soldier had lost a leg, and the distress the old soldier was in, when accident threw his old General in his way, was truly heart-rending. In answer to the General's questions it came out that he had fought in many battles, particularly that of Tippecanoe and Thames. He lost his leg in the battle of Tippecanoe, and here is where the naked lie appears. The battle of Tippecanoe was fought in September 1811, and that of the Thames in the same month in 1813, *two years afterwards*.—The American army pursued the British for a number of days before the battle of the Thames, and here was an *old one-legged man*, hobbling along, through a new territory to fight the battles of his country. Who does not know better? Almost any one can tell the truth, but for a right good liar requires a man of parts. Most of the greatest stories circulated of Gen. Harrison are as true as the one we speak of.—*Republican (Belfast) Journal.*

AN HONEST FEDERALIST.

The editor of the Boston Courier, a Harrison man, thus lectures one of his political associates, for abusing his old friends:—

"By what authority does Mr. Crittenden waste the time and money of the people in slandering the Federalists?—a party with which he never could have any connection, and of which he probably knows nothing but what he has picked up in reading the posthumous volumes of Jefferson. It is of little consequence now, whether Gen. Harrison was a 'black cockaded federalist' in 1798, or not, and we believe the people care very little about it.—If Mr. Crittenden really wishes to promote Gen. Harrison's election, he would manifest his good sense if he has any, by the use of other arguments. The electioneering warfare, which has been carried on in both Houses of Congress, during its present session, is disgraceful to both the parties engaged in it, whether whig or tory, and would justify any honest man in cursing and quiting them both."

The Courier will probably find, next November, that it is of some consequence now whether Gen. Harrison was a "black-cockaded Federalist" in 1798, or not; and will see, too, that the people are not so entirely *careless* on the subject, as the opposition would be glad to have them.

MORE CHANGES!

THE CRY IS, STILL THEY COME.

The Louisville Public Advertiser publishes the following extract from a letter dated Lexington (Ky.) June 2d:

"On Monday last Gen. Combe repaired to Mr. Sterling, to make a political speech in behalf of General Alum. I did not hear what was the effect of his speech further than this, it calmed up, no doubt to the infinite surprise of the General, that old Political Campaigner, the Honorable Henry Daniel, who in a speech of about three hours reviewed the chief grounds of controversy between the parties, and finally wound up by announcing his resolution to give to Mr. Van Buren his ardent support. The effect of this announcement is said to have been powerful. You know Captain Daniel, his power of public speaking, I need not tell you, his return to the democratic fold, is hailed with pleasure by his old friends. The whigs about here look blank."

The Advertiser subjoins: "It is thus that men of acknowledged influence in Kentucky are returning to the democratic fold. Capt. Daniel will prove an active and efficient advocate of correct principles. He has tried the whigs, and ascertained that they are not trust worthy."

TEMPERANCE.—We find the following communication in the Boston Mercantile Journal, a violent Federal paper. We are glad to see that there are some men among the Federalists who are not quite willing to sacrifice their temperance principles to their love of political success; and we hope that the influence of these men, may be generally felt in the party to which they belong.

HARD CIDER.

MR. EDITOR:—In common with many true Whigs and friends to the "Tippecanoe candidate," the writer is of opinion that no possible good, but some positive evil will result from the continued reference to this intoxicating article, by the friends of Harrison. I regretted to notice last evening, at the immense gathering of the people on Fort Hill, that "Hard Cider" was dealt out from, or near, the "Roxbury Log Cabin," which was near the Whig "Tea-party." I have heard of several cases where the pernicious practice of "something to drink," has followed similar meetings. As a "true Whig," and friend to total abstinence, I regret that any doubtful measures should be countenanced by those who have too good a cause to need any intoxicating drink to advance it. As a friend to good order, morality, and the Whig cause, I make these remarks, not doubting that you, alike influenced by similar motives, will insert them in your independent Journal.

A COLD WATER WHIG.

FEDERAL BRAGGING.—A writer in the Lincoln Patriot says:—"I understand that John Ruggles was completely used up at Wiscasset last week, in his braggadocio about the election of Harrison. He proposed to make a bet of \$500 that Harrison would be elected. But,

a gentleman, standing by, offering to take up the bet, and deposit the 'Rhino,' the Senator was 'padlocked,' and 'backed out!' Thus much for Federal braggadocio."

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, JUNE 23, 1840.

FOURTH OF JULY.

Our friends in Turner, inform us, and request notice to be given, that our National Sabbath will be celebrated on the approaching anniversary, with appropriate ceremonies.

Creation by H. B. Osceola, Esq., of Portland. A general invitation is extended to all the friends of the present Administration.

CHANGES.

We present our readers, this week, on the first page of the Democrat, the letters of three distinguished gentlemen who are disgusted with the course pursued by the federalists in regard to their Presidential candidate. We ask for them an attentive, calm, and candid perusal, from all into whose hands they may fall. The course of reasoning of the writers, and the candor in which they are written, is sufficient evidence, to our minds, of the honesty and well meaning of their authors. They bear on their face the stamp of an honest and high-minded principle,—a principle which would cause its possessor to disdain the truckling and pitiful arguments of "Log cabin," "Hard cider," &c. which appeal only to the sympathy and passions,—which evince a jealousy on the part of those who use them, of the capability of the people of judging for themselves on the great questions which now agitate the community.

These vain and foolish arguments—these great carousals, and shews of the federalists, cannot do them any good. It is the last resort of a desperate faction, to stifle and silence that enquiry for the political principles of the Federal party, which the people are now anxiously making. The people will press this question home upon them until they obtain an answer, or drive them from their miserable subterfuges to conceal them.

For the Oxford Democrat.

ATLANTA, June 19, 1840.

MR. EDITOR.—For two days past, Augusta has been a merry and, a part of that time, (if I may use the expression), a madly merry place. Mad, for men acted insane. Merry, for they seemed to be sanguine that they were sane; and therefore rejoiced in the speculations of their wild and infatuated imaginations.

Your readers have heard much, ere this, of the great Harrison-Democratic-Whig-State Convention. Circumstances placed me where I could but witness it, and therefore there was much to speculate upon. So far as numbers were concerned, it was respectable; but I have no doubt that part of it will be much overrated. I will say that, from information derived from several highly respectable gentlemen, who counted them as they marched in procession, the number did not exceed twenty-two hundred; that there were more present, is very true, for curiosity led hundreds of Democrats to the scene of action, that they might witness, for the first time, the old Federal party assembled under their present name; that they might see men acting the child, trying to charm the multitude, to operate upon the sober sense of an intelligent people, by the display of banners of miniature log cabins, with silly devices, and the disgusting cry of "hard cider." Each county delegation, save yours, (and their better sense attracted attention,) was preceded by a genteely dressed gentleman, bearing all the proofs upon his person, of being a well trained aristocrat, alias, log-cabinite, carrying in his hand a staff, fluttering with blue ribbon. Next came a standard bearer, who bore the ever honored "stars and stripes" of our National Flag, but which were disgraced, or rather insulted, by the accompaniment of some silly, disgusting motto,—insulting both to common sense and common decency. borne by one individual, was a log cabin, and a large eagle painted most fastidiously with this motto: *"THE FARMER'S FRIEND—HARD CIDER."*

Another was carried upon the end of a pole, by a most exquisite fellow, on the one side of which was imprinted in large letters—"Hard Cider," and on the other, "Log Cabin,"—which that same brainless fellow was looking up to with much complacency, as he turned it, ever and anon, in his hand, that the beautiful and graphic inscriptions might the better be seen by an admiring multitude.

I might go on and enumerate those little incidents, and would, had I time, and did I not think that the good sense of my readers would be disgusted, and that it would lead them to have too contemptible an opinion (if possible) of men who will resort to such unseemly means to carry out their unblushing purposes.

But I have given you a few specimens of Whig electioneering, and I will now say that this formidable body of men—yes, of men—after having formed themselves into sections, with two or three bands of music, and under the guidance of Marshalls, paraded through the principal streets of the town, with their waving banners, until they made a dead halt in front of the State House; then, after a few preliminaries and a state speech or two, and a few loud huzzas for the hero of Tippecanoe, a shower of rain ensued, as if heaven wept at their folly, which sent those hard-fisted, sturdy democrats in various directions for shelter; some fled to private dwellings, but most to the several bar-rooms of the hotels, where they mado themselves decent by taking hard cider, alias, brandy, gin, and rum.

Afternoon.—Again in front of the State House.—Rufus K. Goodnow, of Paris, calls the meeting to order, as President—declares himself a dissenter from the Administration party,—speaks much of his democracy,—but did not say that he had held an important office for sixteen years, and because he could hold it no longer, deserted the Democratic party at a time when federal rule was disgracing the State,—nor did he say that he did this that he might find favor in the then dominant party, which is made up of the fag ends of every party. He declared the Harrison party to be the true democratic party. Yes, shouted a hun-

dred such worthies as Thomas, Clark and Erastus Foote; we are the democratic party. At this time John Holmes and a few others, kept still, and seemed evidently glad when the speech was done, and its last tones drowned amid one general shout for Tippecanoe.

From the reports of the several committees, it appeared that Edward Kent was again nominated as the *Harrisonian-Democratic-log-cabin candidate* for Governor, which nomination, however, was not received with feelings of unanimity, for it seemed the whole delegation from Bangor were opposed to him. A fine compliment to the moral worth of the man.

After this John Holmes mounted the rostrum, and with his scurrilous abuse, and low, vulgar metaphors, kept this body of decency men in one general titter for a long hour. Then followed the federal candidate for Congress, in Penobscot, who, as usual, spoke long and said nothing. It was a pretty specimen of little talk.

Next came the would be Federal candidate in Kennebec, (but Evans wont allow of it,) and with all the bitterness which has so long characterised the man, he abused this new-born Democratic party, by calling them democrats, and that they could trace down their domineering from the earliest period in our history. *Vose, you had better not try it!* He then undertook to tell, by figures, how General Harrison would be elected President; and in the end concluded he would have all the votes save those of N. H., and stood some little chance of them. Here followed others who might be considered smaller fry, but they hooted, and hollered, and buzzed until the close of the day, when the more sensible and sober portion started for their constituents, sick and disgusted with the folly and hypocrisy of their own leaders; but the far greater portion to Hallowell, where, in a log cabin built under the superintendence of the renowned Jessie, a real hard cider carousal took place, which lasted well nigh until morning, when they were seen reeling home, with aching, empty heads, to dream of their follies, and ponder upon coming defeat.

I have many amusing anecdotes which have grown out of this affair, and much more that I wish to write upon it general merits, but time fails me now. Yesterday, the 18th, a splendid Standard, painted by C. Codman, of Portland, was presented, by the ladies of Augusta, to the Rifle Greys; it being their first anniversary. Every thing went off with appropriateness. Yours, &c., S.

RENEGADES AT A PREMIUM.—Rufus K. Goodnow, of Paris, was President of the late Federal Convention at Augusta; and Isaac Isley, of Portland, and Isaac Housdon, of Bangor, were nominated by the Convention, for Electors for Governor! To have made the list perfect, John Ruggles should have been nominated for Governor! "It is natural that the cormorants of one Administration should seek a roost in the treasury of another."—*Eastern Argus.*

FEDERAL NOMINATIONS IN MASSACHUSETTS.—At the Federal Convention, in Worcester, (Mass.) on Wednesday last, John Davis of Worcester was nominated for Governor, and George Hull was re-nominated for Lieutenant-Governor.

Isaac C. Bates of Northampton, and Peleg Sprague of Boston, were nominated for Presidential Electors at large, and Robert G. Shaw for the Boston district.—*Argus.*

THE LAST OF THE TEA PARTY.—Samuel Howard, who died in Conway N. H. June 2, 1840, was supposed to be the last of the Boston Revolutionary Tea Party. He was born in Woburn, Mass., May 2, 1747, and served an apprenticeship as a Cabinet maker, in Boston, Mass. under the English system. While a resident in Boston he joined the brave little band who destroyed the British Tea in 1773. He was a soldier in the revolutionary war, and was one of those who suffered in the "Jerseys" —was at the battle of Trenton and Princeton, and in several other engagements. He removed to Brownfield, Me., soon after the Revolution, and has continued to reside there until within a few years. His age was 92 years one month—and yet until the day of his death he could relate with great accuracy the thrilling incidents of the destruction of the British Tea and of the different battles in which he was engaged.

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POETRY.

[From the New Era.]

TIPPECANOE.

TUNE... "Billy Bawlow."

Good Lord! my brave masters what antics and rigs,
Are daily cut up by the poor British Whigs,
Their throats are all sore, and their noses are blue,
With shouting and drinking for Tippecanoe.

They say in their folly that Harrison must
Be President next—so they down with the dust—
If you ask them the reason, they straight answer you,
By shouting "Hard Cider" and "Tippecanoe."

Of the wrongs of the people most loudly they prate—
Of mighty reforms to be brought in the State—
And answer each question propounded by you,
By shouting "Hard Cider" and "Tippecanoe."

Complain that the times are oppressive and dull,
That our coffers are empty, our prisons all full,
They will tell you the cause and the remedy too,
By shouting "Hard Cider" and "Tippecanoe."

They tell us the markets are empty and bad,
Eighteen pence must be paid for a very small shad,
But to make them more plenty you've nothing to do
But vote for the Hero of Tippecanoe.

He's a Doctor, they say, that can cure every ill,
Our commerce revive, our treasury fill,
Collect every grievance the universe through,
And bury them all at Tippecanoe.

Then huzz for the Hero that lives at North Bend!
Whose power such manifold blessings can send,
His election achieved we'll have nothing to do
But live in Log Cabins like Tippecanoe.

Hard Cider we'll drink as we sit by the fire,
And list to the tales of some reverend sire,
When he tells how the people on cider got blue—
When Harrison conquered (?) at Tippecanoe.

The Rose of Langollen.

The evening air grew chilling and cold—
Gwynneth threw her shawl over her shoulders
and went to the wood house for faggots. Ellen
was left alone; her eyes fell upon the stump
of a withered tree. "That was Edward's gift,"
said she mournfully. "Peace is now restored,
he will return—he will think I neglected it, for
alas! it has withered. But no, Edward must
come no more to our cottage."

Hearing the returning step of Gwynneth she
wiped away the starting tear, for she well knew
her mother would chide. Gwynneth entered
trembling; "Mercy!—my child, come and listen;—
I heard the abbey bell toll." Ellen turned pale; she listened with breathless agita-
tion: again the heavy bell struck with awful reverberation. Oh! cried Ellen, "the news has
arrived that Edward is killed!"

Vainly now did Gwynneth call upon the name
of her child, who lay senseless upon the cold
earth.

Ellen was the lovely, virtuous child of honest
peasants, and she was tenderly beloved by the
son of the wealthy Sir Owen Fitzmorris.

In the rustic sports of the lawn before the abbey,
Edward had often gladly joined, often pressed
the fair hand of Ellen with rapture to his lips,
and breathed in her ear accents of pure un-
changing love. But parental authority inter-
posed. Edward was ordered to accept the
haughty Lady Hester. His heart proudly re-
volted; yet to disobey a father, hitherto fond
and tender, was death. He implored a respite;
Sir Owen granted his petition, and the regiment
in which Edward served, was ordered to Egypt; yet
his departing words breathed servant, con-
stant affection to Ellen, and his parting gift was
the rose tree which she now bewailed.

"For heaven's sake! my child," said Gwyn-
neth, "be composed, I will step to the gate,
and see if any passes from the Abbey. Dear,
now be composed." Gwynneth now slept to
the gate.

"Bless me! as I live here comes a soldier
down the hill!" The word revived Ellen; she
flew to her mother's side. The soldier descended
the hill; he seemed to walk feebly and
lean on the shoulder of a boy. "Sure," thought
Ellen, "that is Edward's form; but as he ap-
proached nearer conjecture changed; his dress
was shabby and disordered, his hair uncombed,
and a bandage passed across his eyes, marked
the suffering he had endured in the dreadful
climate; for Edward it was; and love soon re-
vealed him to the wonder struck Ellen. In a
moment each of their hands were seized by
Gwynneth and her child, who forgetting the first
sight of him, the shocking change of his ap-
pearance, led him in triumph to the cottage;—
but inquiry soon succeeded, and while Ellen
fixed her eyes upon her withered rose tree, in
anguish exclaimed, "Alas! he cannot see it
now." Edward began his recital.

"When I left you, dear friends, in complicity
with a father's command, I embarked
with my regiment to Egypt. Our troops were
successful in all their undertakings; I alone
seemed to endure the pangs of disappointment
and sorrow. An enterprise in which I was en-
gaged, required despatch and caution, when in
a moment of general attack, my friend and
earliest companion of happy days, fell covered
with wounds. Disobeying the strict orders of
our commander not to quit our posts, I bore
the Wild Rose of Langollen, whose native sweet-
ness is but increased by the homeliness of the
climate it received."

"Your rose tree is withered; said Ellen,
Indeed I could not preserve it."

"Heed it not," returned Edward. "It was
a hot house plant, and could ill endure the slight
breeze of mischance. You, Ellen are the
best hearted of the peasanty to make

their hearted gratulations, and, in the happiness
of his children, Sir Owen found his cure; and
aged Gwynneth sank into a peaceful grave, be-
loved and revered by her dutiful child; and to

"How?" exclaimed Ellen, "is it in nature
to be so wicked? a child he once loved so dearly!"

"True," returned Edward, "but you now
see me in sickness and sorrow, without a friend
to comfort, a home to shelter me."

"Never, never, my dear young master,"
cried Gwynneth, "while the sticks of this poor
cottage hang together."

Ellen clasped his hands closer between hers,
and spoke not. On a sudden, some recollection
dashed across her mind, she let his hand
fall and sighed deeply.

"What ails my Ellen?" asked Edward;
will she not confirm the words of her mother?"

"Ah me!" said Ellen, I am thinking how
happy the Lady Hester will be to have the power
of restoring you to wealth and comfort. She
can do all that our wishes dictate."

"But if my Ellen gives me her love," replied
Edward, "I will not seek the favor of
Lady Hester."

"And will you stay with us?" exclaimed
the enraptured Ellen. "Oh, we, shall be happy
enough in that case, and our debt of grati-
tude will be in part discharged, for we owe all.
Your instructive care first raised my mind from
ignorance, and if a virtuous sentiment animates
this breast, from you it derives its source."

"You are just to yourself, Ellen, instructions
bestowed where there is no innate virtue, is like
the vain attempt at cultivating a rocky soil.—
But now my love can you think to support an
idle intruder? Your means are but scant,
though your heart is ample."

"We will work the harder," said Gwynneth
—"we knit, and have a thousand ways of getting
a penny, and when you get strong & healthy,
you can put down the money. If they are in earn-
est let them show it. The money is ready for
you."

"Mr. Fitzmorris' work!" cried the indig-
nant Ellen.

"And why not, my child?" rejoined Gwyn-
neth; "there is any disgrace in honest industry?
Mr. Fitzmorris is not proud; and when,
with some juice of simples which you, Ellen,
shall gather, we have bathed his eyes, who
knows but by the favor of Heaven, his sight
may be restored? Thus Ellen, he will assist
our labors, see our cheerful endeavors to make
him forget all past misfortunes, and we shall be
the happiest peasants in Langollen."

"Excellent creature," cried Edward, "my
whole life shall pass in active gratitude. But I
must away—on the brow of the hill I left a
weary traveller; I will bring him to taste a cup
of your beer, and speed him on his journey."

Ellen was unwilling that he should leave her
so soon, though but for a few minutes; but Edward
continued absent about two hours; her
terror was inexplicable. The night closed,
and he did not return. Ellen's couch was wet-
ted with tears, and morning found her pale and
sad. She waited at the door in anxious ex-
pectation, and with a scream of wild joy ex-
claimed—"He is coming!"

He was supported by an elderly man, and
Ellen hastened forward to lend her assistance
while Gwynneth prepared their homely
breakfast.

Edward seemed breathless—in fatigue—and
the stranger accounted for the delay, saying
that he had wandered up the country leaving
his companion had forgotten him.

"Ah! you are cold and wet," said Ellen.

"No, my love, you see I have a great coat—
I found my little parcel at the lodge where I
rested last night."

"And that lodge, which was once your cruel
father's should be yours," said Ellen. "But, no,
he was not cruel, Edward; for he has given
you to me."

"Come, come, this is fine talking," cried
Gwynneth, "while the poor youth is cold and
hungry; and see the tears how they roll down
his cheeks."

"Do your eyes pain you Edward?" inquired
Ellen; let me wash them with spring wa-
ter."

"They do indeed," said he.

In the gentlest manner possible, Ellen removed
the bandage, and his full, expressive hazel
eyes met hers, beaming joy and love. She re-
ceded with a scream of surprise. She threw
off his coat, and discovered his dress decorated
with every military honor.

"Ellen, forgive this deception—it was my
father's stratagem—and here he is a witness of
your disinterested affection. I am not dis-
honored, but promoted by my noble commander to
military rank."

"It is true indeed," said the old gentleman;
"I suspected my son of an unworthy chalice,
and dictated this stratagem as the means of con-
firmation. The Lady Hester disdained a poor
soldier, and now my Edward has to sue for your
acceptance."

Dumb gratitude seized the trembling Ellen;
she fell at the feet of Owen, bathed his hand
with the tears, and vainly tried to express the
feelings of her heart. The rustic meal passed
some time unregarded, till compposure was re-
stored, and the benevolence of the intention
rendered it a repast palatable even to the Bur-
on.

"Your rose tree is withered," said Ellen,
Indeed I could not preserve it."

"Heed it not," returned Edward. "It was
a hot house plant, and could ill endure the slight
breeze of mischance. You, Ellen are the
best hearted of the peasanty to make

their hearted gratulations, and, in the happiness
of his children, Sir Owen found his cure; and
aged Gwynneth sank into a peaceful grave, be-
loved and revered by her dutiful child; and to

the arms of Sir Owen Fitzmorris is now added,
with proud triumph 'the blooming wild rose
of Langollen.'

From the Norwich Aurora.
THE BET TAKEN.

MR. EDITOR.—The Patriot and Democrat, a
week since, gave notice that some wings stood
ready to bet \$400 that Harrison would be elected
—\$400 that he would get the vote of N. Y.—
\$400 that he would get the vote of Pennsylvania—
\$400 that he would get the vote of Ohio—
and \$400 that he would get the vote of Virginia—
the money to be deposited in the Hartford Bank.
This part of the arrangement is objected to, The Hartford Bank is probably

the Blood, in this case, as well as in all other appearance
of disease, fight against these impurities, and carry them to
the capillary vessels in order to expel them. This is the
new method of purifying the body. This is the second period.

This period is carried with pustules (matter simple) in more
or less quantity according to the previous healthy or unhealthy
condition of the body. After these pustules come out, the fever
subsides, and in about ten or twelve days dry off and fall into
dust. This is the third period.

The Small Pox is deadly or mild, according to the malignity
of the contagion or the bad state of the patient. If he was
sickly before, and his health in a corrupt state, he is
more liable to be infected; for the blood being weighed down by
the previous corrupt state of the humor, has not the power to
resist the disease—and in this case the result must, therefore,
be mortal, provided no preventive course has been employed;

for the third period cannot take place in consequence of the
blood not having the power to throw the humor out, so as to
allow of its removal.

The Preventive Course.

When the contagion has spread in the City or Country,
sooner or later it commences purifying the body,

the better; and should any of the above symptoms present
themselves just at any period of existence, the course of
the disease will be as follows:

The first period is carried with pustules (matter simple) in more
or less quantity according to the previous healthy or unhealthy
condition of the body. After these pustules come out, the fever

subsides, and in about ten or twelve days dry off and fall into
dust. This is the third period.

The course will not only insure the life of the patient, but will
also prevent any scars from being made, or any internal obstruc-
tions or derangements of the humors. By this means the crisis takes
its course, and whether the humors be slightly corrupted or
strongly depraved, the life of the patient is equally free from
danger. And in case of any new attack of pain, or any sign of
accident from cold or otherwise, a course of purgation must be repeated.

By thus counteracting the corrosive severity of the humors which
produces boils in the skin and cause such excessive itching, the
eruption will leave no marks upon the skin, and the patient
cured by this practice will not be exposed to the different inconveniences
which are so often the consequences of this disease.

If the principle of purgation were but well understood no one
would be afraid of the Small Pox any more than of a common cold.

There would be no mortification, and without danger
of simply excoriating the bowels and thus purifying the body
until the disease was cured. Three or four days of this practice,
how many weeks, months, may, perhaps years, of sickness
might it not prevent?

Father and members of families, reflect, it is your duty to yourselves and your dear children to re-
flect upon these things and be advised in time. Should vaccin-
ation be decided upon, let it be so, but do it with a great deal of
care, and with a small dose, and do it in a safe and proper
manner.

John D. Brandreth, M. D.

N. B. Be careful and never purify a Druggist or
professor to be Brandreth's Pills, under any circumstances.

He is one of the class made an Agent. My own established
agents are:—John D. Brandreth, M. D., in my own home.

John D. Brandreth, M. D., in my own home.

The certificate is renewed yearly, and whatever twelve
months old it no longer guarantees the genuineness of the medicine.

It would be well, therefore, for purchasers to carefully
examine the Certificate. The seal is not wax, but embossed
upon the paper with a steel seal.

If the genuine medicine is obtained there is no doubt of its
giving perfect satisfaction, and if it fails, it is but little danger but they
will obtain it.

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Dixfield—J. N. & C. Stanley.

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